Young *Abraham*: *Cupid* he that ſhot ſo true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger maid.
He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moueth not,
The ape is dead, and I muſt coniure him,
I coniure the by *Roſalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her fine foote, ſtraight leg, and quiuering thigh,
And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,
That in thy likeneſſe thou appeare to vs.
Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him, t'would anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſſe circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
Till ſhe had laide it, and coniured it downe,
That were ſome ſpight.
My inuocation is faire and honeſt, and in his miſtreſſe name,
I coniure onely but to raiſe vp him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelfe among theſe trees
To be conſorted with the humerous night:
Blind is his loue, and beſt befits the darke.
Mer. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he ſit vnder a Medler tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſſe were that kind of fruite,
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.
O *Romeo* that ſhe were, O that ſhe were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare.
Romeo goodnight Ile to my truckle bed,
This field-bed is to cold for me to ſleepe,
Come ſhall we goe?
Ben. Go then, for tis in vaine to ſeeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exit.*
Ro. He ieaſts at ſcarres that neuer felt a wound,
But ſoft, what light through yonder windowe breaks?
It is the Eaſt, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne.
Ariſe faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already ſicke and pale with griefe,

That thou her maid art far more faire then ſhe:
Be not her maid ſince ſhe is enuious,
Her veſtal liuery is but ſicke and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, caſt it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my loue, O that ſhe knew ſhe were,
She ſpeakes yet ſhe ſayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwere it:
I am too bold tis not to me ſhe ſpeakes:
Two of the faireſt ſtarres in all the heauen,
Hauing ſome buſines do entreat her eyes,
To twinckle in their ſpheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightneſſe of her cheeke would ſhame thoſe ſtarres,
As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie region ſtreame ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and thinke it were not night:
See how ſhe leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.
Iuli. Ay me
Rom. She ſpeakes.
Oh ſpeake againe bright angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged meſſenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes,
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And ſailes vpon the boſome of the ayre.
Iuli. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy father and refuſe thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworne my loue,
And ile no longer be a *Capulet*.
Rom. Shall I heare more, or ſhall I ſpeake at this?
Iuli. Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thy ſelfe, though not a *Mountague*,
What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,